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# WORONI

JOURNAL OF THE CANBERRA UNIVERSITY COLLEGE REPRESENTATIVE COUNCIL  
JUNE 8, 1951.

Vol. II, No. 2

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20 JUN 1951

## SRC's THREE-POINT PLUG

This is a University and we are its students. An association must work towards accepted aims. Therefore the S.R.C. follows the example of those in another place and announces *our* three great immediate tasks for 1951.

First, we must get to know ourselves and build up a corporate student spirit. That is what *Woroni* is for. Use it! A Sub-Committee is working on plans for a student function to be held early in the Second Term. Watch for announcements. Be there! We have no cafeteria as other Universities have. But we may be able to arrange for coffee to be on tap in the Common Room, the one place where we can gather together. This depends on your willingness to wash up after your "cuppa." Play your part! We have our obligations to our less fortunate fellow students overseas. Our Vice-President, Mr. Peters, is organising a World Student Relief Appeal for 1951. When the times comes give generously.

Our second task is to let other people know we exist as a student body. The Australian inter-varsity debates are to be held in Adelaide this year. Will Canberra be represented there? If you are interested, contact Miss Moir or Mr. Lovell. We are not affiliated with N.U.A.U.S. Do students think we ought to be? Write to *Woroni* about it.

Most important of all there is the Revue. We repeat THE REVUE. It *will* hit the boards at the end of term. But its birth-pains will be lessened if you cooperate with ideas, scripts, songs. You know the theme: Fifty Years of Federation—Was It Worth It? Three hundred students *can* think of something funny in that promising field.

Our third task is to secure for ourselves some of the amenities which students in other universities possess. You know of the plan for coffee in the evenings. In addition the S.R.C. has acted promptly on the request of a correspondent in the last issue of *Woroni*, and has sponsored a further application for the installation of a telephone for the use of students. Finally, the College Council has agreed to instal paper towel dispensers in the toilets; we are assured that these will be filled with towels.

Remember, unless we know what *you* are thinking, the S.R.C. will in fact be representing only itself. If you don't like our programme for 1951, write to *Woroni*. If you like it, write just the same—we'll love it! But whatever you do don't let us down. Be a student!

P. HILL, Secretary, S.R.C.

## N.U.A.U.S. NEWS

### INTERNATIONAL

The International Officer, Steve Hocking, (Q'd), has refused an invitation to the I.U.S. Executive meeting in Peking this month. N.U.A.U.S. will be represented by a British N.U.S. representative at the Berlin Festival.

N.U.A.U.S. is to co-operate with the United States N.S.A. in their ambitious Student Mutual Aid which arose out of the Stockholm Conference of National Unions which do not belong to I.U.S. Under the U.S. scheme Harvard students are organising seminars in S.E. Asia and the Middle East.

Steve Hocking is working on a scheme to send Engineering and Architectural graduates to Indonesia. An officer of the Commonwealth Immigration Department is co-operating in arranging contacts in Indonesia.

### TRAVEL DEPARTMENT

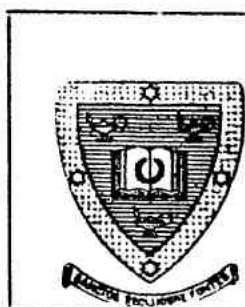
N.U.A.U.S. Travel Director, Frank Higgins (Syd.) reports that provisional booking of 50 berths to New Zealand have been made for a period between 29/11/51 and 13/12/51 returning between 14/2/52 and 28/2/52. The New Zealand Travel Scheme is thus under way. A brochure on this scheme will be printed as soon as Frank has conferred with George Pittendrigh on development on the other side of the Tasman.

Latest flash from the Railways Commissioners is that all applications for concession fares have again been refused. Meanwhile fares have again increased. The position is being investigated.

The Travel Director hopes to organise accommodation files in each State for students travelling interstate.



No photos of the Editors available. This charming lady knows us both and improves the front page.



**W O R O N I**

CO-EDITORS:

GRAHAM FEAKES  
NICK PARKINSON

Staff: Scott Campbell, Barbara Moir,  
Tim Ellis.

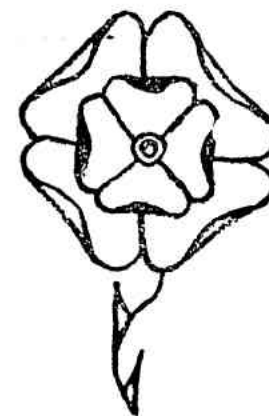
EDITORIAL

Canberra University College may be small, but it does boast a comparatively mature student body, particularly among its evening students. These men and women—you people—should be competent to put forward ideas on many different topics. With your help we could make this paper a forum for those living and working in Canberra, who have some connection with the academic life—however tenuous. There are here no coffee shops, or quadrangle corners where ideas can be exchanged; few are the opportunities for us all to meet. We suggest that this paper could help overcome this lack.

If there is no constant interchange of ideas, if students cannot criticize themselves, their lecturers, texts, periodicals, etc.—then here is no University. There may be a "Diplomatorium," there may be a place where Public Servants can obtain the magic letters B.A. and thus rise in the Service, but there is certainly not a place where people can develop the power of Critical thinking—and without critical thinking there can be no progress.

This lack we speak of cannot be remedied from above—it must come from you. In most Redbrick as opposed to Oxbridge Universities, the problem exists: in some it is not solved, in others it is. By forming clubs, social, political or academic, men and women can build around their University training something infinitely more durable than the passing of examinations—they can find and can create bases for sane living, can develop lasting values and interests.

Our hope is that *Woroni*, in some degree, can help you—if you help us. Think about this. We believe it important. Send us articles, letters, reviews and we'll do our best to publish them. Let's try and create here, in Canberra, a University in its widest meaning.



**Attar and Thorns**

New Hope For Wendy Shaw.

Best wishes to Wendy and her fiance, Arthur Cosford—and may they enjoy a future abounding in unribald happiness.

*And talking of announcements—those Rugby League boys certainly let themselves go in the programme for the match against the visiting French team. There was no doubt as to the principal local industry after reading the passage: "Alike to plaudit-rocked arena and village green, democracy has come down in the guise of good fellowship and friendly rivalry to realise its highest ambitions."*

\* \* \*

Canberra Rep. opened its 1951 season with "Love in Albania." The love was made by a character named Ramillies, played by Editor Parkinson, who seemed very much at home in his part. Only flaw in the production was an unexpected fourth act monologue on the Friday night. I've been amusing myself over the weekend by playing at Mikados and devising a Bore's Hell to make the punishment fit the crime.

*The threatened cut in newsprint, coming at a time when another paper shortage is making itself acutely felt, looks like distressing those who only sit and think as well as those who read.*

Who was the cynic responsible for advertising the Jubilee Ball at the Albert Hall on May 19? I enjoyed the cryptic announcement on their placard: "Single tickets 12/6. Presentation of Debutantes 9.30."

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SEEN: Bill Morrison looking wet in a General MacArthur rain-coat. Dick Woolcott surprisingly forming the more subdued half of a winsome twosome.



## LETTERMANSHIP

In mentioning last week a number of Defence Ploys, I stressed the importance of not quoting an authority. There are, however, exceptions to the best of rules, and I feel that I should make it clear that I do not wish to bind too rigidly anyone with pretensions to Lettermanship. Sometimes, indeed, a most telling blow can be struck at your adversary by not merely quoting your authority, but adding in parenthesis 'Italics Mine'. I need scarcely point out that it is essential to ensure that you *have* italicised certain words of the text, but it is not so generally appreciated that you should be selective in your emphasis. I have, I admit, known an aspirant to the title of Letterman, who achieved no small success over a number of years by consistently italicising the middle four words in any quoted sentence, but this policy is not to be recommended for general practice. This is, in fact, one of the most difficult and subtle of ploys, requiring intelligence and an understanding of the quotation. But its effect is so rewarding as to merit assiduous application in its apprehension. The implication that its user can pick out the significant from the trivial where even the author was too diffident to stress the point is one of the surest means of obtaining Bolster yet invented.

A further maxim, no less important in Lettermanship than in other walks of life, is 'The Best Defence is Offence.' This, however, does not justify Billingsgate. The mere stringing together of uncomplimentary epithets costs you the goodwill of your readers and gives your opponent a lever with which to prise apart your arguments. Be rude by all means—but *deftly*. Remember that good taste can render irreproachable the worst of insults.

Also of importance is the choice of signature. This can colour your reader's whole attitude to your argument, especially if he is one of those who looks at it before reading the letter. And, while it seems proved (vide Klotski's monograph) that the influence of the signature on readers *ex ante* is significantly greater than on readers *ex post*, it

is equally true that the former have preponderated over the latter in the average ratios of 6 to 4 during the last decade, according to the results of independent investigations conducted in the principal letter-writing countries — Britain, France, Germany and the United States—biennially since 1935. The following examples may therefore be accepted as having at least *prima facie* value. When writing to the editor of one of the more popular dailies, I find *Perc. Gruntle* establishes a comradely link with 'the man in the street.' On the other hand, when writing to *Country Life*, I have discovered that the mere omission of my surname results in my passing for a member of the peerage and in there being evinced in consequence, even by those hostile to my arguments, a deference to my views which I have been able to turn to good account. For the more social magazines I adopt and recommend the reduction of the first name to an initial and the writing of the penultimate in full beside the surname, giving the appearance of a "double barrel" — thus *P. Cranleigh Gruntle*. Foreign names should be given full ploy in cultural circles but should be concealed under a pseudonym in those journals favoured by the lower orders among whom xenophobia is rife.

Finally, when writing the address, it is advisable not to be too detailed. Frequently the impression created by the name of a particular suburb is lost by prefixing that of one of its lowlier streets. For the 'true artist' and the man of means the 'suburb only' address is well-nigh essential. It implies ascendancy over the trivial either aesthetically or financially and it enables the inhabitants of Strathfield who have entered the lists of a cultural joust to divest themselves of their environmental impedimenta by writing the letter in a Macleay Street cafe. But the full value of Addressmanship can only be extracted by subtlety and discrimination as is plain from the punning of old Letterman's adage 'Address may win the day.' Obviously you will impress readers

## MORE N.U.A.U.S.

### NATIONAL SERVICE

The following letter has been received from the Minister for National Service by the N.U.A.U.S. Secretary:

Dear Miss Wadsworth,

Thank you for your letter of 28th March conveying certain motions on compulsory military training passed at your recent Council Meeting. The consideration given to the National Service Scheme led the Government to decide that the training of students and apprentices should be deferred wherever training could not be organised in such a manner as to avoid dislocation of a career.

The Services are examining the question whether the training of university students can be compressed into the annual long vacation and only this week officers of my own Department have been in consultation with Professor Mills and Dr. Madgwick, representing all the Vice-Chancellors, to work out the details of such an approach.

In the discussions that took place with these gentlemen, consideration was given to the need to provide for those studying and sitting for examinations.

I have noted the other points made in your letter and will see that you are, in due course, informed fully as to the plans finally decided on.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) H. E. HOLT,

Minister for Labour and  
National Service.

of Neutral Bay as a solid, reliable man, redolent of suburban virtues and probably 'in your own way' a specialist on hydrangeas, if you superscribe your letter 'Percy Crescent, Rose Bay.' I shall leave you to ponder the implications of an address such as '2B Percy Street, Maroubra,' and, as a parting example of the many mutations of Addressmanship, let me mention the office boy to the bursar of a college in an English University, who availed himself of his academic address to such purpose that he eventually became a Registrar in another place.

PERCY GRUNTLE,  
The University, Canberra.

## MACARTHUR — Heaven or Hell

Even this awesome occasion did not warrant a collar and tie. His only concession had been to lay his cap and pipe on the rail of the dock. He was not at all ruffled; just a little surprised, perhaps, at the lack of perception here of all places.

The eyebrows of the Judge seemed to rise ever so slightly. "DID he do all this?" "Well, in a way," said the Recording Angel, carelessly . . .

In a way. Can one say more of the work of any one man? Who among us has not once felt that of the prominent public figures in the history of the past and present, there are some who stand out from among their fellows with a truly heroic stature? That their existence has been the necessary condition for the course that history has taken?

What is the place of the hero in history? He must have two characteristics—that in himself he embodies qualities quite out of the ordinary, and that *his* successfully effected decision must be such as to alter the course of history in a really significant way.

Was Douglas MacArthur such a hero?

Certainly he was, and perhaps still is, in the first of these two senses. Those of us who have borrowed someone else's *Daily Telegraph* in the past weeks will have had our memories refreshed about the General's sterling qualities. Who could forget the superb arrogance of the man as he waded ashore at Leyte: "I have returned"; or that delightful act daily at twelve-thirty as he left his Tokyo headquarters for lunch: the pause to fill his pipe at the top of the steps, the sweeping gaze at the gaping crowd; or Hanson Baldwin's lyrical pen-portrait of superman stalking the battlefield unafraid: "The bullet that will strike him down has not yet been cast"?

If these things are accepted in good faith, they may indicate a leader of soldiers. But the hero is more than this: he is a leader of men. He must guide the histories of nations, not merely campaigns. He must be on the spot to carry a crucial policy through to the success that no other could achieve.

Can we say this much of Douglas MacArthur? One instance which will live in the minds of

those who played the more humble roles in it, was the General's suppression of the 1947 general strike in Japan.

The rebirth of the labour movement in Japan after the surrender took place in an atmosphere that had to be lived in to be understood. It seemed to be a paradise for the critics of Marxism: the old state machine of the militarists, public servants and businessmen was helpless. IT was helpless because of pressure from below: in the absence of the armed forces, the police were quite sincerely terrified of the consequences of any action they might take against the trade unions. And it was helpless because of pressure from above: it was held down by its conquerors who, although ostensibly the agents of a rival capitalist state, did appear vaguely favourable to popular action. So the great plan was made and participated in even by some of the minutest company unions in the most unlikely places. That plan came to acquire a symbolism, really quite unwarranted by its efficacy, which generated a sense of manly responsibility and purpose felt even by onlookers. And then the axe fell.

"General Ma" was no longer the people's friend. That inspiring faith in a myth—for it was little more—died away slowly with the anger and disappointment, leaving a labour movement so hopeless of the possibility of real successes as long as "General Ma" might remain, that the ensuing Social-Democratic Government failed ignominiously.

The era of peace and democracy dragged on wearily in the "New Japan" with the General daily doing his ham act outside the Dai Ichi Building, until the hammer fell and the sickle swept in Korea. The action-packed weeks that followed held an import which is yet

hardly realised. For the leader of those routed troops who were unceremoniously bundled into the Pusan perimeter was the same man who had, five years previously, apparently demonstrated so conclusively that the presumption of an Asiatic nation to attack a Western Power did not pay.

It did not really matter whether the sweep back up the peninsular succeeded. The impression which stuck, and firmly, was the countenancing, by the Supreme Commander, of those very brutalities which had, under his auspices, been so sanctimoniously condemned at Sugamo Gaol.

Now, although it is yet only possible to guess at the hidden ramifications these events may have set in train in men's minds, can it be argued that Douglas MacArthur has, in a negative sort of way, carved for himself a hero's niche in history, insofar as whether his sins are of commission or of omission, they are likely to have pretty drastic consequences in the long run? To rebut this assertion, it is necessary to consider another aspect of the "charismatic" type of leadership described above.

To maintain himself in power, such a leader *must* "succeed." The General has fallen from power. Had he failed? In a sense, yes. Not only had he become a symbol of defeat rather than victory, but his high strategy, based on his unbalanced scheme for a "crusade" against world communism, was so misconceived and mistimed that it cost its proponent his lead in three fields: foreign policy, high strategy and public opinion.

If rule is based on power, then, using the word in its properly wide sense, MacArthur had forfeited his power.

Yet, if we admit that he once had this power, are we not conceding to the man his place as a

*Continued on page 5*

### STUDENTS!

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# LEAR LAUDED

If and when the Alden Company brings *Lear* to Canberra, or if you have the price of a return ticket to Sydney, go and see it. Not only will you see first class theatre, but you will also gain something new in your knowledge of Shakespeare. There is no doubt that one of the great qualities of Shakespeare is the scope for interpretative variations in the replaying of his dramas so that they never become stale or stylised.

Critics diverge widely in their judgments on *King Lear*—to some it is the greatest tragedy of all, to others it is definitely inferior to the other three famous Shakespeare tragedies: *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *Othello*. I have always agreed with the latter view, and, with Middleton Murry, I have considered *Lear* a transitional play—in it there is uncertainty, weariness, a flagging imagination: all signs that Shakespeare had lost control of his medium. That he regained it later, and something more besides, becomes apparent in *Anthony and Cleopatra*. Here, however, the dramatist has progressed from the personal tragedy of a Hamlet or an Othello to the wider realisation of the helplessness of mankind in the hands of Fate. Tragedy need not stem from error although *Lear* errs, but, in Gloucester's words: "As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods,

They kill us for their sport."

He has not yet discovered that synthesis, or mastered fully his new concept, of the interaction of character and events that makes the later *Anthony and Cleopatra* so great. It is even hard to isolate the theme of *King Lear*: it would seem to be, not virtue triumphant, but that it is not sufficient to be only good, like Cordelia; only evil, as Goneril, Regan, Cornwall; only stupid, like *Lear* himself. He who is single minded in his life, or rather "single qualified," is doomed.

Alden, as producer, seeing the play primarily as the tragedy of old age, centres the production around *Lear* and Gloucester. He argues that these two, after passing through the uttermost depths of suffering, regain finally "the truth, simplicity and goodness, in them from the first, and we see the souls rise triumphant to God."

His production has a marvellous unity devoted to this end and his theme is highlighted by the brilliant acting of Alistair Roberts as the Fool—the sensitive and wise alter ego of the foolish King, giving us a glimpse of the past power and glory of a once great monarch.

One can have nothing but praise for the mechanics of the production. The smallest parts have not been neglected in the way that Olivier did in *Richard III*, they form part of the verity of the play. Lighting, scenery and costumes were very effective—again it is the hand of Roberts, who designed and executed the costumes, that aids Alden so well to create such fine theatre.

There were some fine individual performances. John Alden himself has increased his own dramatic stature with a masterly and dominating characterization of *Lear*—terribly moving at times. The only criticism that I would make of his performance is that, just occasionally, he loses *Lear* and rants and rages as Alden. This step out of character is a fault directly traceable to the lack of an overseer for his own performance—he himself as producer would never allow it to happen with the other characters. It is, nevertheless, a superb piece of acting—he shows greater control and restraint in his work than in some previous roles, and this, in a play that verges on melodrama, is admirable.

Outstanding performances were given by the two "She-Foxes," Goneril and Regan—Ruth Cracknell and Dinah Shearing were brilliantly "bitchy." Owen Weingott, smooth and villainous as Cornwall showed again the great skill in movement, which highlighted his Mephistopheles some months ago. Dearth as Kent was disappointing but competent—he kept losing his

Somerset accent and thus lost emphasis in those lines in which he returns from his disguise to be Kent again. Paula Denyer as Cordelia fought hard to maintain a reality, but how hard it is for an actress to play one of Shakespeare's "good" women! Bill Rees' Gloucester, Frank Waters' Edmund, Walter Sullivan's Albany were all thoughtful and satisfying performances. In general, the acting was of sound professional standard.

The really new perception that I received from the play was a realisation of why Shakespeare brought the gruesome eye-gouging scene into the drama. Done most effectively and with horrifying reality, it seemed to heighten the essential tragedy. The contrast between the physical horror perpetuated against Gloucester and the more spiritual agony of *Lear* was one I had not realised until seeing this production.

Once more, whatever your views on *King Lear* as a play, don't miss this—I'll warrant you'll not be bored!

N.F.P.

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MACARTHUR from page 4

hero in history? We are not, for the decisions which the hero must successfully effect must in the first instance be his. In MacArthur's case, the only condition of his ability to set himself up as a minor deity was inability to agree on policy directives and their enforcement on the part of the various governing bodies to which he has been subject. Once such agreement was reached, the General's continued intransigence resulted in his summary dismissal.

The question of whether his actions or the decisions of his masters have the greater ultimate effect will depend largely on the impact of his dismissal in the East. The extreme weakness of the Chinese Communists in characterizing it as a mere "plot" augurs well for the future.

"... In a way," said the Recording Angel, carelessly. The Judge shrugged his shoulders. "Next case, please."

P. HILL.

## Lukewarm for Linklater

### "LOVE IN ALBANIA"

Eric Linklater has always been a rather enigmatic character, often idealistic, often cynical, and usually confused. "Love in Albania", the latest Repertory offering, which has finally displaced "A Phoenix Too Frequent," is typical.

My main quarrel was not with the cast, who were all pretty workmanlike, but with the play, although it too had its moments. The plot concerns an American Military Police Sergeant (played by Albert Johnson), who suspects that his only daughter, a partisan in Albania, has been the victim of foul play, and an arrogant, bumptious writer-cum-poet whom the sergeant suspects has "stopped his daughter's clock." The action takes place in the flat of the Lawns, an English civil servant and his wife (played by Bill Willoughby and Nancy Gleeson White respectively). A servant (Dorothy More), whom I thought was an aunt until I looked at the programme two days later, is also on hand. After a great deal of windy dialogue, in which Mr. Linklater contrasts the passion and intensity of life in Albania with that of humdrum England and makes a lot of issues worthy of less cursory treatment, the writer (Nick Park-

inson) makes a rather improbable and embarrassing confession of murder on the grounds of destructive, unrequited love. However, it eventuates that Sergeant Dordha has put his wife "on the slab" and that really they are buddies—both martyrs of circumstances.

In a rather dreary finale, Linklater, having shown impatience with the conventional veneer of middle-class life and having made some facetious and sententious remarks about bourgeois values (e.g., "marriage vows have gone the way of the peace treaties of Europe"; "promises are only kept by saints and simpletons") apparently does not know where to go next. He resolves the problem of reasserting the Lawns, symbols of bourgeois orthodoxy and rejecting the extremism of Ramillies and Dordha. The Lawns, cooped up in their little flat for seven years, with their occasional tiffs and their circumscribed existence, come out on top! Hallowed be the middle class family! After poking fun at you Mr. Linklater hangs up his hat, a respectable Homburg, on your hall stand.

The hope and patriotic sentiments of "The Raft" and "Socrates Asks Why" and the

Utopian attitude of "the Corner Stones" have evaporated, being based as they were, not on an understanding of social forces but on fine sounding illusions. In "Love in Albania" Linklater confused and disillusioned, has become cynical and sententious.

The use of long dialogues tended to become tedious and slowed down the tempo of the play. The timing was often astray but more the fault of interrupted performances and the consequent difficulty of anticipating audience reaction than inability on the part of the cast.

The new set was a refreshing effort.

Nancy Gleeson White was thoroughly competent as Mrs. Lawn but Bill Willoughby was a little forced as her husband.

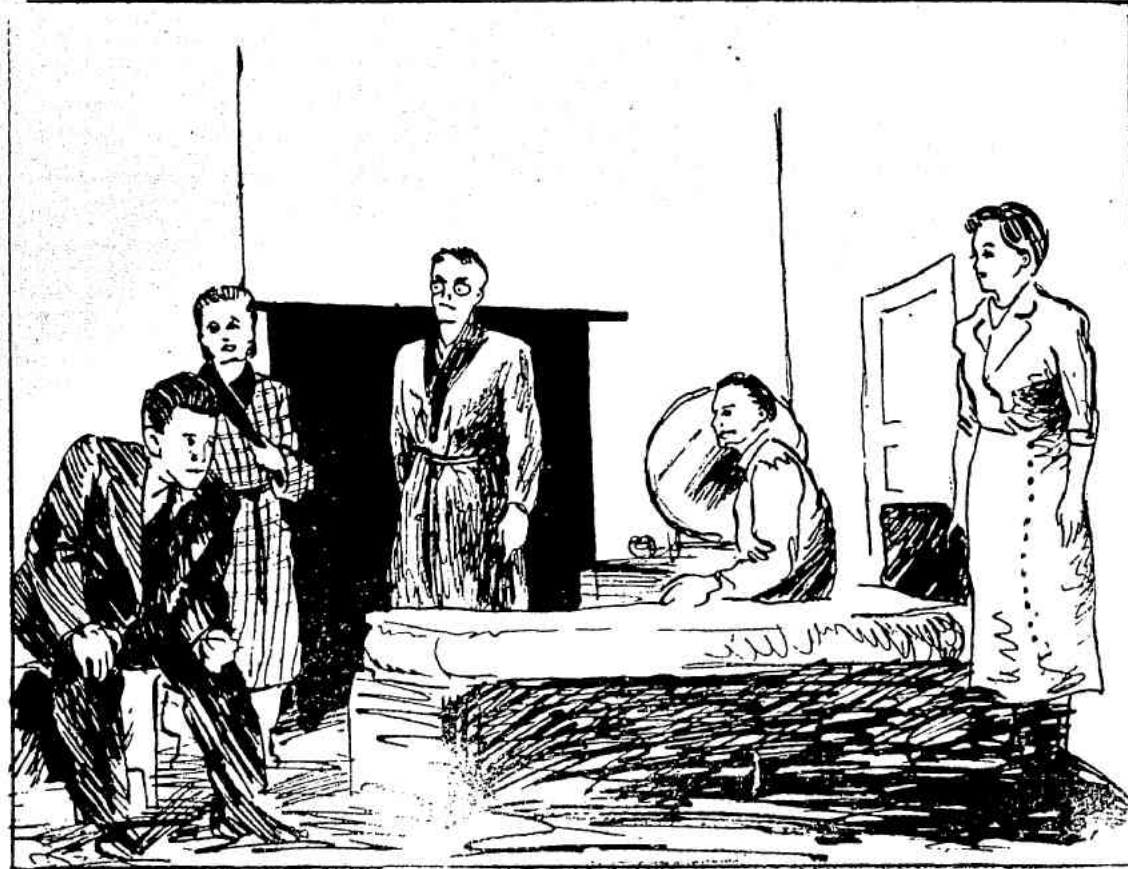
Dorothy Moore, as the servant, maintained a Scotch brogue throughout and was quite entertaining.

Nick Parkinson, as Will Ramillies, gave a very enjoyable performance. He was amusing and, although set a big task by Linklater, made the character plausible.

The lion's share of the play fell on the able shoulders of Albert Johnson. He acted ALL the time and gave a performance of professional standard.

Edgar Bee's production was sound but some of the finer details were overlooked. The bedroom mirror was not properly clouded and reflected light into the audience; and why "People" instead of "Punch" or "Post" in a London flat?

R.W.



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## SOME HOPE FOR WENDY SHAW

Miss Shaw purports to conclude her "Reflections on Korea" (*Woroni*, 9/5/51) on a note of complete despair, although if (as she says) the world is hopelessly rotten, there seems to be no sensible reason for writing the article, since our doom is inevitable and we, being rotten beyond hope, neither deserve nor desire any fore-warning. Is it perhaps that when "there is blood running in the gutters of King's Cross" (blood never runs in gutters, it coagulates) Miss Shaw wished to be able to say "I told you so?" If not, why write the article?

But, however, Miss Shaw purports to despair or to dissociate herself from us who are rotten, from her article two matters emerge very clearly. These are:—

1. Peace at any price.
2. Beware of America.

One is instantly aware that these two matters are leading features in present day communist propaganda. After World War II the Russian Government, having only communism to offer the world as against America's Marshall Aid, directed her world-wide propaganda towards breaking down the alliance between America and the British Commonwealth. The Stockholm "Peace" petition and the "peace" organizations which broke out like a rash are a more recent feature designed to make us unprepared for defence while the Russian Government prepares for war. This is quite similar to the manner in which Nazi propaganda formerly encouraged "pacifism" in England. Both forms of propaganda have deceived many well-meaning people, an argument either for the subtlety of the propaganda, the gullibility of the persons deceived or the insecurity of their philosophy.

Miss Shaw states that "truth always loses in a struggle between it and propaganda, or sentiment, or nationalism! This is only partly right. Truth may lose temporarily or partially in a struggle with false propaganda, a fact well demonstrated by the aberrant re-

## THE BALLAD OF STENKAH RAZIN — Traditional

From behind a little Island,  
To the Volga's broad expanse,  
Where the wavelets play  
As on an inland sea,  
Swept a knife-stemmed rakish Cossack ship  
For piracy renowned,  
And from bow to rudder painted garishly.  
On the deck sat Stenka Razin  
In the fullness of his pride,  
With his belly full of Vodka  
And his arm around his bride.  
At his back he hears a murmur,  
Growing loud and yet more loud,  
And he hears accusing voices  
Rising angry from the crowd.  
"Just one night it took this 'hero',  
Noble King of Volga's flood,  
To be robbed of all his manhood,  
And forget his Cossack blood!"  
As these taunts came through the hazy,  
Semi-darkness of his mind,  
Held he fiercely to his lady,  
And his teeth began to grind.  
Then his eyebrows came together,  
And his eyes shone blood and fire,  
As a battle raged within, between  
His men and his desire.  
Then resolved, he stood before them  
"I'll surrender all!" quoth he;  
And his voice roared mighty thunder,  
Like the raging of the sea.  
Then at last the Persian Beauty,  
Sitting still with lowered eyes,  
Hears with terror what her Lord  
In measured solemn tone, replies:  
"Volga, Volga, Dearest Mother,  
Russia's Queen and Russia's pride,  
Now receive the precious burden,  
Of my lovely Persian bride.  
Not in all the years behind us,  
Not in all the ages gone,  
Had you ever such a present  
From the Cossacks of the Don."  
Then with mighty arms he raised her,  
Hurled her in the swirling tide  
Shouting, "Take her Mother Volga,  
To yourself, my lovely bride!"  
"Now my hearties, why so sullen?  
Drink the cup of sorrow whole,  
And sing some mournful melody  
In memory of her soul."

From the Russian—M. G. M. Bouchier.

lections of Miss Shaw.

Miss Shaw states that she believes America's belligerence, etc., to be more dangerous than Russia or communism. This belief does not appear to be shared by the refugees and deserting diplomats whose direction of flight is by overwhelming majority away from

communism and towards territory occupied by a "belligerent" American army. Many of these refugees are now in Canberra; some may even be students at the Canberra University College. They could tell Miss Shaw why there is no noticeable flow in the opposite

*Continued on page 8*

## 1950-51 CRICKET SEASON

In the 1949-1950 season, the University College Cricket Club entered teams in the Second and Sub-district Grades of the A.C.T. competitions. The Second Grade Eleven had an excellent season, and finished a close second to the undefeated Ainslie side. For the 1950-1951 season, we again applied to the A.C.T. Cricket Association for admission to the same two grades, but the Association, in pursuance of its expressed policy of encouraging "district" cricket, refused to admit a College team to Second Grade. The Club was therefore reduced to a Sub-district team only.

We regret that the Association has adopted this attitude, and hope that next season will see the College teams reinstated to the higher grades. One result of the decision was that whilst several strong players left us to play with district clubs, some Second Grade players stayed with the College team, and a very strong side was entered in Sub-district.

Out of 10 matches played, the College won five and four on the first innings, and lost the remain-

ing match on the first innings. Our percentage of possible points was 79, and that of the runners-up 73.

Highest batting average (69) was scored by Jack Hayes, and his best score was 104 not out. Jack played only in the last five matches, otherwise his aggregate of 276 would have been much higher.

Highest aggregate (302) was scored by Geoff Bennett, who batted consistently throughout the season for an average of 43. Geoff is also the wicketkeeper and took 13 catches and made 12 stumpings during the season.

Vic. Chapman batted well and consistently, opening the teams innings on most occasions. His aggregate was 247, and average 28.

Bowling honours were shared by Mick Freiberg and Len Hume. Len, who is both opening bowler and opening bat, took 30 wickets for 8 runs apiece, while Mick took 26 at an average of only 7.3, after playing in the last four matches only.

The team played well (except in the disastrous sixth match, against Queanbeyan Rovers) and was well skippered by Andy Kyburz and, later, Gordon Thomas.

### CRIT. OF MISS SHAW

Cont. from page 7

direction, unless perhaps she prefers wilful ignorance.

So long as there are enough of us who can see through the "Hate America" propaganda, who are not ready to buy peace at any price, then so long is there hope for us, even for Miss Shaw. Before World War II there were many pacifists in England, particularly in Universities, unwittingly striking the first blows for Hitler. They woke up in 1939. Many of them joined the Air Force. Miss Shaw might ultimately do the same.

J. D. DONOHUE.

Established 1925. 'Phone B138

**R. T. WHYTE**

TAILOR AND OUTFITTER

Kingston, Canberra

### LITTLE SOUND AND FURY

Dear Sirs,

I have been greatly impressed by the article "Reflections on Korea" by Wendy Shaw (*Woroni*, 9/5/51), particularly by the concluding sentences.

May I suggest that *Woroni* establish a fund, for the purpose of buying Miss Shaw a length of rope? If this suggestion is adopted, I should be glad to start the ball rolling with a donation of 6d.

Yours faithfully,

G. R. BENNETT.

(*Woroni's* legal advisers have informed the Editors that such action would make them accessories before the fact and hence this suggestion cannot be accepted.—Eds.)

### WORLD STUDENT RELIEF

Very shortly an appeal will be launched by the C.U.C. World student Relief Committee for funds. Lest you should be dubious, however, as to the purpose of this appeal and the destination of the money raised, a brief outline is given here of some of the activities of W.S.R.

1. Hostels: India and Pakistan—the basic problem is that of housing—not in the sense of modern hostels and dormitories, but in terms of finding some place, however primitive, in which to sleep. W.S.R. is helping to organise several centres on a co-operative basis.

2. Equipment: Indonesia—as a result of the fighting in 1948-49, university towns in Indonesia have been heavily damaged with a consequent loss of laboratory equipment and valuable libraries. W.S.R. funds assist in replacing these losses.

3. Scholarships: South Africa—Scholarships are given to enable native Africans to train as doctors at the University of Witwatersrand and so to make available the benefits of medical science to the backward races in the heart of Africa.

4. Welfare: New Australians—funds are needed by welfare centres in University cities who can assist New Australians wishing to enter university courses in their problems as to accommodation, equipment, etc.

Last year £30 was raised in C.U.C. by lecture-room collections. This year it is hoped to raise twice that amount.

Further information as to W.S.R. activities will appear in the Common Room and on the Notice Board. But when the yearly appeal is made, do give liberally to a worthy cause.

P. PETERS.

### KEN COOK

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### Mid-June Attractions at Canberra's Winter-Warmed Capitol and Civic Theatres

"THE WOODEN HORSE"—Eric William's thrilling drama of escape from a German prison camp, starring Leo Genn.

"TWO WEEKS—WITH LOVE"—In Technicolor: charming comedy with music; Jane Powell and Ricardo Montalban.

"LE ROI"—in French, English sub-titles; Maurice Chevalier makes a welcome reappearance in a saucy comedy.

"BEYOND THE FOREST"—Bette Davis and Joseph Cotten in a strong drama of a worthless woman; fine acting.